

[From the Knickerbocker.]

MY GOD DIRECTS THE STORM.

The spirit of the tempest shook
His wing of raven hue
Above the sea, and hollow winds
Howled o'er the waters blue.

Up rose the mountain billows high
And swept a stormy path;
Darkness and terror mingled there
Their ministry of wrath.

A lonely bark, by bounding seas,
Tost wildly to and fro,
Dash'd o'er the billows foaming brow,
To fearful depths below.

Crash! echoed crash! the quivering spars
Broke o'er the leaping side,
And left the bark a shattered wreck,
The stormy waves to ride.

The sturdy seaman struggled hard
To hold the yielding helm,
And keep the ship's prow to the surge,
That threatened to o'erwhelm.

And when the plunging ruin spurned
Their impotent control,
They flew to drown their gloomy fear
In the accursed bowl.

Upon the raging ocean then,
Helpless was left the bark,
To the wild mercy of the waves,
Amid the tempest dark.

Upon the deck alone there stood
A man of courage high;
A hero, from whose bosom fear
Had never drawn a sigh.

With folding arms, erect he stood,
His countenance was mild—
And, calmly gazing on the scene,
He bowed his head and smiled.

A wild shriek from the cabin rose,—
Up rushed his beauteous bride;
With locks dishevelled, and in tears,
She trembled at his side.

"O! why, my love, upon thy lip?"
She cried, "doth play that smile,
When all is gloom and terror here,
And I must weep the while?"

No word the warrior spoke,—but he
Drew from beneath his vest
A poignard bright, and placed its point
Against her leaping breast.

She started not, nor shrieked in dread,
As she had shrieked before;
But stood astonished and surveyed
His tranquil features o'er.

"Now why," he asked, "dost thou not start,
May not thy blood be spilt?"
With sweet composure she replied,
"My husband holds the bill!"

"Dost wonder, then, that I am calm,
That fear shakes not my form?
I ne'er can tremble while I know
My God directs the storm!"

WOMAN'S FIDELITY UNTO DEATH.

Among those who were accused as accomplices in the assassination of the Emperor Albert, by John of Swabia, was the Baron Vonder Wart, though, according to the unanimous testimony of early and later historians, he had not taken any immediate part in the deed itself. He was bound alive to the wheel. His wife Gertrude, did not forsake her unhappy husband even in his last moments, and she describes those dreadful hours in the following letter to Margarethe Freinast, which is inserted in a book published at Harlem in 1818, under the following title:—"Gertrude Vonder Wart, or Fidelity till Death; a true history, of the fourteenth century, by J. C. Appenzeller."

"I prayed under the scaffold on which my husband was fastened alive upon the wheel, and exhorted him to fortitude.—I then arose, and with thick pieces of wood built myself a kind of steps, by means of which I could mount up to the wheel, laid myself upon his trembling limbs and head, and stroked the hair from his face, which the wind had blown over it. 'I beseech you, leave me! Oh, I beseech you!' he exclaimed continually. 'When day breaks, if you should be found here, what will be your fate? Oh God! is it possible that thou canst still increase my sufferings?' 'I will die with you; 'tis for that I came, and no power shall force me from you,' said I, and spread out my arms over him, and implored God for my Rudolph's death.

"The day broke slowly, when I saw many people in motion opposite us; I replaced the thick pieces of wood where I found them. It was the guard who had fled on my appearance, but had remained near the spot, and as it seemed, caused a report to be made of what had passed; for at daybreak all the people, men, women, and children, came flocking out of the town.

"Among these people I recognised the jailer, who had given me up the preceding evening to Von Landenberg. The report must also have reached him that I had been with my husband, for he approached me shaking his head, and said, 'Woman! this was not the intention when Landenberg fetched you yesterday!'

"As more people approached, I saw also several of my acquaintance, among them was the wife of the bailiff, Hugo Von Winterthur: I saluted her, and begged her intervention with her husband, that he might order the executioner to put an end to my husband's cruel sufferings.

"He dare not do anything for me, sighed Wart upon the wheel, again moving his head at this moment, and looking down upon me with his swollen eyes, 'he dare not do anything; the queen pronounced the sentence, and the bailiff must therefore obey; otherwise I had well deserved of him that he should have me this last kindness.'

"Some persons brought me bread and confectionary, and offered me wine to refresh me, but I could take nothing;

for the tears that were shed, and the pity that animated every heart, and was kindly expressed, was to me the most agreeable refreshment. As it grew lighter, the number of people increased: I recognised also the sheriff, Steiner Von Pfungen, with his two sons Conrad and Datikon; also a Madame Von Neffenback, who was praying for us.

"The executioner came also; then Lampucht, the confessor: the first said with a sigh, 'God have compassion on this unhappy man, and comfort his soul!' the latter asked Rudolph if he would not yet confess? Wart, with a dreadful exertion of all his strength, repeated the same words that he had called out to the queen before the tribunal at Brugh.—The priest was silent.

"All at once I heard a cry of 'Make way!' and a troop of horsemen approached with their vizors down.

"The executioner kneeled, the confessor laid his hand upon his breast, the horsemen halted. Fathers and mothers held up their children in their arms, and the guard with their lances formed a circle, whilst the tallest of the knights raised himself in his stirrups, and said to the executioner, 'Whither are the crows down that he still keeps his eyes?' and this was the duke Leopold.

"My heart ceased to beat, when another knight with a scornful smile, said 'Let him writhe as long as he has feeling; but these people must begone.—Confounded wretches! this sighing and crying makes me mad! No pity must be shown here; and she here, who so increases the howling! who is she? what does the woman want? away with her!' 'I now recognised the voice of the queen. It was Agnes, in the dress and armour of a knight. I remarked immediately that it was a woman's voice, and I was certain that it was Agnes.

"It is Wart's wife! I heard a third knight say. 'Last night when the sentence was executed, we took her with us to Kyburg. She escaped from us; and I must find her here, then! We thought that in her despair she had leaped into the mote of the castle. We have been seeking her since this morning early.—Heavens! what faithful love! Let her alone; nothing can be done with her.' 'I here recognised the mild-tempered youth, Von Landenberg. How well did he now speak for me! I could have fallen at his feet.'

"Well, Gertrude!" cried a fourth tone, 'will you not yet take rational advice? do not kill yourself! save yourself for the world! will not repent of it?' 'Who was this, Margaretha? I trembled; it was she who wanted to persuade me, at Brugh, to leave the criminal Wart to his fate, and pass days of joy with her. Then I too could almost have exclaimed, 'This is too much! cease!'

"Agnes made a sign to an esquire to raise me up, and bring me away from the scaffold. He approached me, but I threw my arm round it, and implored my own and my husband's death. But in vain! two men dragged me away. I besought assistance from heaven; it was granted me.

"Von Landenberg (otherwise a faithful servant of Austria) once more ventured to speak for me. 'Cease to humble her; such fidelity is not found on earth; angels in heaven must rejoice at it; but it would be good if the people were driven away.'

"They let me loose again; the horsemen departed; tears flowed from Lamprecht's eyes; he had acted strictly according to his duty, and executed the will of the queen; he could now listen to the voice of nature and weep with me. 'I can hold out no longer, noble lady! I am vanquished! your name shall be mentioned with glory among the saints in heaven, for this world will forget it. Be faithful unto death, and I will give you the crown of life,' said he; he gave me his hand and departed.

"Every body now left the place except the executioner and the guard;—evening came on, and at length silent night; a stormy wind arose, and its howling joined with the loud and unceasing prayers which I put up to the Almighty.

"One of the guard now brought me a cloak to protect me against the wind, because it was night; but I got upon the wheel and spread it upon the naked and broken limbs of my husband; the wind whistled through his hair, his lips were dry. I touched him some water in my shoe, which was refreshment to us both. I know not, my dearest Margaretha, how it was possible for me to live thro' such heart-breaking and cruel hours!

"But I lay, as if guarded and wonderfully strengthened by angels and the saints, continually praying near the wheel on which my whole world reposed.

"During this time my thoughts were with God. As often as a sigh broke from the breast of my Rudolph, it was a dagger in my heart. But I remembered the Holy Virgin, how she had suffered under the cross of her son, and consoled myself with the hope that after a short time of suffering, the eternal joys of heaven would be my portion, and this gave me courage to suffer; I knew, too, for whom I suffered, and this gave me strength in the combat, so that I endured to the very last moment.

"Though Wart had at first so earnestly begged of me not to increase his ago-

nies by my presence, yet he now thanked me as much for not having left him; in my prayers he found consolation and refreshment, and it was a comfort to his soul when I prayed.

"How the last dreadful morning and noon were spent, permit me to pass over in silence. A few hours before evening, Rudolph moved his head for the last time; I raised myself up to him. He murmured very faintly, but with smiling love upon his lips, these words:—'Gertrude, this is fidelity till death,' and expired. On my knees I thanked God for the grace which he had given me to remain faithful to the end."

AUNT NABBY'S STEWED GOOSE.

It was my Aunt Nabby's birth day, and she was bent upon having a stewed goose; stewed in onions, & with cabbage and salt pork to match. 'Pollijah,' said she to me, 'be't we got a goose 'bout the farm?' 'No said I, 'we eat the old gander at Christmas, and he was the last of the Patriarchs.' Aunt Nabby went down to Sue who was getting breakfast. 'Susanna,' said she, 'the boys tell how we be't got a goose in creation; now what shall we do?' 'Go without,' replied Susanna, with that amiable tone which so marked her, and which my father said had worn off her teeth to her gums. But Aunt Nabby was bent upon a goose, and when such a stiff and strait person gets upon a thing you may consider the matter settled; and I saw that a goose of some kind must be had at some rate or other. Here you critter,' cried aunt Nabby to the little Black specimen of the human family which was digging potatoes in the garden, 'here I want you to go along to the neighbors, and borrow a goose.' Cato laid down his hoe, got over the fence, and shovelled off on his broad pedestals to get a goose. The first house Cato came to was that of Sam Soap the tailor, commonly called Soft Soap. Into the shop he went, Yankeeified negro, and making a jing to Mr. Soap, who sat like a hindoo idol, busily employed in patching an old brown coat, with still older brown rags and umming most mournfully the air of

"Ye banks and braes of bonny Doon," giving it a nasal twang that came direct from Jedediah Soap, who was a member of the long Parliament. 'Snip,' says Cato, 'you ha'n't got no goose nor nothin, ha'n't ye for Aunt Nabby?'

Soap was literal (not literary) man, and so he called upon his daughter Priety, who having one eye, was likewise Justice—that is, some that were classical—"Priety," says he, "give Cato my goose." Priety, like a good girl, took the broad flat iron off the shelf and telling Cato to be "as careful as everlastin' not to get it wet," she wrapt it in a paper, and away went the web footed mortal to deliver up his charge to Susanna. "My gracious!" said Susanna, "if that ere nigger ha'n't got me an iron goose to stew!" But nevertheless, as her business was to stew the goose and ask no questions, at it she went, and pretty soon the tailor's treasure was simmering among onions, and carrots, and cabbages, and turnips, and spices—all as nice as need be. After breakfast, aunt Nabby had gone abroad to ask in the neighbors, and when she came home, she went of course directly to the kitchen to see how the goose came on.

"Is it tender, Susanna?" said she. Susanna smiled so sweetly, that the old house clock in the next corner next the cupboard stopped and held up its hands 'Oh Ma'am,' replied Susanna, 'it is so tender, that I guess 'twould be no more tender after being biled.' "And fat?" "Oh, bless ye! it's so broad across the back." My aunt's mouth watered so that she was forced to look at Susanna, to correct the agreeable impression.

Well, noon came, and the neighbors began to drop in. First came the parson, being a man of vast punctuality, took out his watch as soon as he came in, and for the purpose of seeing how it chimed; he said, with the old clock, walked into the kitchen, bade Miss Susanna good day, hoped she 'continued well in body,' and sniffed up the sweet savors of the preparing sacrifice, with expanded nostrils. Next to the minister came the squire; he opened the front door, and seeing no one but me, 'Pollijah,' said he, 'when 'ill that goose be done? 'cause I'm everlastin' busy settlin' that hay-mow case, and I'd like to know.' "Ready now, squire," answered the parson, opening the kitchen door, "and I guess it's an uncommon fine goose too, so walk in and let us have a little chat." The squire entered, and he and the minister had a considerable spell of conversation about the hay-mow case the case was this: Abijah Beggs got leave to carry his hay across widow Stoke's field to the road; well, this hay-mow dropped off the poles, and the widow Stoke's claimed it as a wail and stray.—"Now," says the squire, "I conceit the chief pint in this case is here—has widow Stoke's a right to the hay? Now this 'ill depend, you see, 'pon 'nother pint, to-wit, videlicet—does the hay belong to 'Bijah? Now the widow says, says she, every man in the country's free, and therefore every man in the country's a king, just as far as his farm goes; now the king, all allow, has a right to wails and strays—and so, says widow Stoke's, that are hay's mine. But says 'Bijah, and by jinks it's a cute argument; but says he, though every man in this land of liberty's a free man, yet that doesn't prove that every woman is;—and per contra, we

know that women don't vote, and of course an't free; so says he, the hay an't hern. But's a puzzlin' case an't it?"—"Well, now," answered the minister, "it strikes me that hay an't astray." "Well," said the squire, 'that's a pint I never thought of.' Just then in came the deacon, and after him the sexton, and so on, till pretty much all the aristocratic democracy of the village had assembled. And then, in bustled aunt Nabby, awful fine, I tell you; and then Susanna and Cato began to bring in the dinner, and while they were doing that, the company all took a stiff glass of grog by way of appetite, and then stroked down their faces and looked at the table; and there was a pig roast and stuffed, and a line of veal, and two old hens, and "an everlasting sight of all kinds of sarce," and pies, and puddings, and doughnuts, and cider, and current wine, and above all at the head of the table, the dish in which lay the hero of the day, 'that are goose,' smothered in onions, and utterly hid beneath the load of carrots and cabbages. The seat next the goose, as assigned to the minister; and all sat down. The squire flourished his fork and pounced upon the pig; the deacon tackled too at the veal; while the sexton went seriously to work to exhumate a piece of baked pork from amid an avalanche of beans. The minister with a spoon gently stirred away a few carrots and onions, in hopes of coming at the goose.

"It smells remarkably fine," said he to aunt Nabby. "It's particular fat and tender," she replied—"I picked it myself from a whole heap." And still the minister poked, till at last his spoon grated upon a hard surface. "A skewer, I guess," he said, and plunging his fork into the onion mass, he struggled to raise the iron handle with which he had joined issue. "Bless me," cried aunt Nabby, "what's that are?" "I should judge, said the squire, "that that are was an old goose." "Gracious me," exclaimed the deacon. Still the minister struggled—and still the goose resisted—until aunt Nabby grew nervous—the more the minister struggled the more the goose would not come—I saw my aunt's eye dilating, her hand moved ugly, and then—pounce, just when the minister thought he had conquered the enemy, my aunt's claw drove the onions aside, and dragging forth a tailor's goose, held it at arm's length before the company; the squire had just raised the pig upon his fork, then seeing my aunt's discovery, he dropped it, and the dish was kicked all to smash; the sexton had drawn his beans to the edge of the table—another pull as he saw the goose, and over it went. My aunt dropped the cause of all this evil, and there went another plate.

The company dined elsewhere, and next Sunday the minister declined preaching, on account of a domestic misfortune.—My aunt Nabby died soon after, and the sexton buried her, obsequy as he did so, that she departed, poor critter, in consequence of an iron goose and broken crockery."

CONSEQUENCES OF ERROR.—Take care what thou sowest, as if thou wert taking care for eternity. That sowing, of which the scripture speaketh, what is it? Yesterday, perhaps, some evil temptation came upon you—the opportunity of unrighteous gain, or of unhallowed indulgence, came, either in the sphere of business, or of pleasure, of society, or of solitude. If you yielded to it, then and there, did you plant a seed of bitterness and sorrow. To-morrow, it may be, will threaten discovery; and agitated, alarmed, you will cover the sin, and bury it deeper, in falsehood and hypocrisy. In the hiding bosom, in the fruitful soil of kindred vices, that sin does not, but thrives and grows; and other, and still other germs of evil gather around the accursed root, till from that single seed of corruption, there springs up in the soul that is horrible in habitual lying, knavery, or vice. Long before such a life comes to its close, its poor victim may have advanced within the very precincts of hell. Yes, the hell of debt, of disease, of ignominy, or of remorse, may gather its shadows around the steps of the transgressor even on earth; and yet these—if holy scripture be unerring and sure experience be prophetic—these are but the beginnings of sorrows.—The evil deed may be done alas! in a moment—in one fatal moment; but conscience never dies; memory never sleeps; guilt never can become innocence; and remorse can never, however whisper peace. Pardon may come from heaven; but self-forgiveness may never come.

YOUTH.—A magic lantern, that surrounds with illusions which excite pleasure surprise and admiration, whatever by their nature. The old age of the sensual and the vicious is the same lantern, without its magic—the glass broken and the illusions gone, while the exhausted lamp, threatening every moment to expire, sheds a ghastly glare, not upon a fair table cloth, full of jocund associations, but what appears to be a dismal shroud, prepared to receive our remains. And now, gentle reader, if you have waded through this strange farrago, here will I bring it to a close, hoping by its example the better to impress upon you the pithy precept, that all our follies and frivolities, all our crude and undigested notions, all our "bald and disjointed talk," should like this little volume, terminate with—Youth

VARIETY.

WIFE.—There is no combination of letters in the English language which excite more pleasing and interesting associations in the mind of man, than the word wife! It presents to the mind's eye a cheerful companion, a disinterested adviser, a nurse in sickness, a comforter in misfortune, and an ever affectionate companion. It conjures up the image of a lovely, confiding woman, who cheerfully undertakes to contribute to your happiness, to partake with you the cup, whether of weal or woe, which destiny may offer. The word wife is synonymous with the greatest earthly blessing; and we pity the unfortunate wight who is compelled, by fate's severe decree, to trudge along through life's dull pilgrimage without one.

WOMAN.—Alas! this appellation for the female sex is becoming obsolete. Yet such is the case. All are now ladies or females, and the line of distinction is thus singularly drawn—A lady is known by the richness of her dress and the fashion of its cut, and whether vicious or an idiot, that dress is certain to command the respect and deference due ladies, while modest worth and virtue, if clad in humble garb, though ever so proper and becoming, are certain of the cold look which says their wearers are only females.

ANGLING.—Any ting pite you dare? inquired one Dutchman of another, engaged in angling. "No, Hans," "Well, nottin pite me, too."

DEFINITIONS.—High respectability—High houses, high-heeled boots, and high living. Smile—A twist of the mouth—a mere business transaction. Frown—The current coin with which a dandy pays his tailor's bill.

Active Piety—Persecuting infidels and heretics. Religious—Rich enough to own a pew in some church.

Contentment—Want of energy. Coward—A man who forgives his enemies.

Rigid Honesty—Exacting the uttermost farthing from a poor debtor.

The following is next thing to evidence concerning the stone as 'big as a piece of chalk.'

'Were you travelling on the night this affair took place?'

'I should say I was, sir.'

'What kind of weather was it?'

'I should say it was pretty considerable kind of weather.'

'Was it raining at the time?'

'It was so dark I could not see 't raining; but I felt it dropping though.'

'How dark was it?'

'I had no way of telling—but it was not light by a jug full.'

'Can't you compare it to something?'

'Yes, if I was going to compare it to anything, I should say it was about as dark as a stack of black cats!'

SCENE IN A SCHOOL ROOM.—'What studies do you intend to pursue, said an erudite pedagogue, one day as a Jonny Raw entered his school room. 'Why, I shall study read, I suppose, wouldn't ye?' 'Yes, but you will not want to read all the time: are you acquainted with figures?' 'It's a pity if I ain't, when I've cyphered clean through adoption.' 'Adoption! what rule is that?' 'Why, its the double rule of two; you know that twice two is four; and according to adoption, twice four is two.' You may take your seat. 'You may take your seat, too,' said the pupil, 'for its a poor rule that wont work both ways.'

A gentleman in Pawtucket advertises for a servant of middle sized character, large hands, and small appetite. This gentleman is supposed to be near relation of the lady who keeps a boarding house in Mobile, and advertises for a few young men boarders of moderate appetite, and not over particular. We expect to see the time when a certificate of appetite from our last hotel will be requisite to insure a reasonable contract for a month's board. Verily, the high price of provisions is bringing things to a pretty pass.

AS IT SHOULD BE.—A smart editor 'down east' has hit upon an excellent plan for the disbursement of the surplus fund. He advised that it should be equally distributed among the newspaper printers in the United States! He is a noble fellow, we'll take ours in "Yellow Jackets!"

EXTREMES.—'I always heard that extremes were dangerous,' said a wight who received a kick in the seat of honor from a thick boot.

'Yes,' said the kicker, 'and you know that extremes often meet.'

'Stop that cow.' 'I have got no stopper.' 'Head her.' Her head is on the right end. 'Turn her.' Her skin is on the right side. D—n it! speak to her! Good morning, Mrs. Cow.

ANECDOTE.—You are an excellent packer,' said a mason to a farmer.—'Why so?' 'You have contrived to pack three bushels of rye into a two bushel bag.'

The best dowry to advance the marriage of a young lady is, when she has in her countenance mildness; in her speech, wisdom; in her behaviour, modesty; in her life, virtue.

FRANKLIN TYPE FOUNDRY, Printers' Ware-House, West Swan, 2d door from Main-street, Buffalo, N. Y.—N. LYMAN & Co. having established the business of manufacturing Type, &c. as above, are now prepared to furnish News, Book and Job Offices, with every variety and size of type, both metal and wood, upon the shortest notice. Also Brass Rule, Leads, Furniture, Presses, Chases, Ink, and every article wanted in the Printing business. The Type, &c. will be manufactured at Buffalo, under the superintendence of one of the firm, who has been engaged in the business for the last 25 years, and will be warranted equal to any in the country. Price the same as in New-York.

The following articles will be kept constantly on hand, and at the New-York manufacturers' prices, which are annexed, with the exception of Presses, upon which the transportation from N. Y. will be added. Terms, six months' credit, for approved paper, without interest. Ten per cent. discount will be allowed on cash orders, for type, rule, leads, &c. and 5 per cent. on presses, cases, chases, &c.

THE SMITH PRESS.	
Medium	\$230 00
Super Royal	240 00
Imperial No. 1	250 00
" No. 2	260 00
" No. 3 & 4	275 00

THE RUST PRESS.	
Medium	230 00
Super Royal	240 00
Imperial No. 1	250 00
" No. 2	260 00
" No. 3	275 00

THE RAMAGE PRESS.	
Footscap	60 00
Job	30 00

STANDING PRESSES.	
Four inch Screw	200 00
Three and a half	140 00
Three	115 00
Two and a half	90 00
Small super royal, all iron	175 00
Super royal	250 00
Imperial	300 00

STANDS.	
Double Stands, with racks	6 00
" " without racks	5 00
Single	2 50

CHASES.	
Imperial, No. 3	18 00
" No. 2	16 00
" No. 1	15 00
Super royal shifting bars	16 00
Medium	15 00
Footscap	13 00

" not shifting	12 00
" cast iron	3 50
Job from 50 cents to	2 00

COMPOSING STICKS.	
6 and 8 inches	1 50
10 "	2 00
12 "	2 50
14 "	3 00
16 "	3 50
18 "	4 00
20 "	4 50

GALLEYS.	
Double brass bottoms	3 50
Single do do	3 00
Common	44

CASES.	
Common, per pair	2 50
	1 50

FURNITURE.—All kinds, 64 cents per yard. News Ink, 30 cents per pound. Book Ink, from 40 cents to \$5 per lb. Eastern, Western and Canadian printers, by calling as above, will save in their purchases the expense of transportation from N. York to Buffalo, and bestow patronage upon an establishment which is calculated to advance the interests of this great and growing western world, and which can only look to them for support in prosecuting so extensive a business.

Cuts of every description will be stereotyped at the shortest notice.

Buffalo, 1837. N. LYMAN & Co.

SALE OF REAL ESTATE.—In pursuance of an order of the Court of Common Pleas of the County of Wood, and State of Ohio, made at the last October term of said Court, the undersigned will offer for sale at the Court-house, in the town of Perryburg, in said County of Wood, on the fourth day of April next, at ten o'clock, A. M., of said day, the following described real estate, to-wit:—The north-west quarter of the north-east quarter, and the north-east quarter of the north-west quarter of section number nine, in township number ten, south of range number three, containing eighty acres; and the undivided one half of the east half of the south-west quarter; and the west half of the south-east quarter of section number four, township ten, south of range three, east, containing one hundred and sixty acres, situate, lying, and being in the County of Lucas, and State of Ohio. And also, in lot five hundred and five (505), in the town of Perryburg, county of Wood, and State of Ohio, with appurtenances thereto belonging.

Terms made known on the day of sale. JONATHAN PERRIN, Administrator of M. J. WILSON, dec'd. Feb. 24, 1837.

NEW STORE AND NEW GOODS.—The subscribers have formed a copartnership in the mercantile business, under the firm of JONES & TUCKER, at Waterville, six miles from the foot of the Maumee Rapids. They have on hand a heavy stock of Goods, which will be sold cheap for cash, or exchanged for most kinds of country produce. They feel perfectly warranted in recommending their stock to the inspection of the public.

A. P. JONES, C. L. TUCKER, Waterville, March 20, 1837.

FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!!! PROTECTION INSURANCE COMPANY, of Hartford, Connecticut.—The undersigned, agent for the towns of Perryburg, Maumee and Miami Cities, of the above Company, is now prepared to insure against loss or damage by fire, upon as favorable terms as can be obtained in the State, from any responsible institution, and every man has now an opportunity, for a trifling sum, to protect himself against the ravages of this destructive element, which often, in a single hour, sweeps away the earnings of many years.

D. C. DOAN, Perryburg, March 28, 1837.

PORTAGE COUNTY MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY.—The subscriber having been duly appointed Agent for the above Company for Maumee City, Perryburg, and vicinity, will soon be ready to receive applications for the Insurance of property against the loss or damage by fire. CAPITAL \$500,000. Office, in this residence, Maumee City. WM. KINGSBURY.